



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD



gift of

Mrs. Jerome B. Thomas



STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

Mrs. JEROME B. THOMAS
1432 WEBSTER ST.
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

**The Popular
Library of Art**



W. HOLMAN HUNT

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

By permission of the Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation of Birmingham.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

A CRITICAL MONOGRAPH

BY

FORD MADDOX HUEFFER



LONDON: DUCKWORTH & CO.
NEW YORK: E. P. DUTTON & CO.

PRINTED BY
TURNBULL AND SPEARS,
EDINBURGH

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
W. HOLMAN HUNT—THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA. <i>By permission of the Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation of Birmingham)</i>	Frontispiece
FORD MADOX BROWN—FORD BROWN, SENIOR. (<i>By permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.</i>)	3
FORD MADOX BROWN—THE EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. (<i>By permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.</i>)	9
FORD MADOX BROWN—ONE OF TWELVE DESIGNS FOR LEAR (PEN AND INK). (<i>By permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.</i>)	13
FORD MADOX BROWN—ONE OF TWELVE DESIGNS FOR KING LEAR (ETCHING FOR "THE GERM"). (<i>By permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.</i>)	19
FORD MADOX BROWN—"TAKE YOUR SON, SIR." (<i>By permission of Messrs Long- mans, Green & Co.</i>)	25

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
FORD MADOX BROWN—WORK. (<i>By permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.</i>)	29
FORD MADOX BROWN—THE LAST OF ENGLAND. (<i>By permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.</i>)	33
FORD MADOX BROWN -- CROMWELL AND MILTON. (<i>By permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.</i>)	39
FORD MADOX BROWN—STUDY FOR HEAD OF CHAUCER FOR WHICH D. G. ROSSETTI SAT. (<i>By permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.</i>)	43
D. G. ROSSETTI'S FIRST PAINTING—DESIGN TO ILLUSTRATE THE SHORT STORY CALLED "HAND AND SOUL"	47
D. G. ROSSETTI—THE GIRLHOOD OF MARY VIRGIN. (<i>By permission of Mr W. M. Rossetti</i>)	53
D. G. ROSSETTI—THE ANNUNCIATION. (The National Gallery)	57
D. G. ROSSETTI—FOUND. (<i>By permission of Mr W. M. Rossetti</i>)	63
D. G. ROSSETTI — THE SALUTATION OF BEATRICE. (<i>By permission of Mr F. Hollyer</i>)	67

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
D. G. ROSSETTI—DANTE DRAWING AN ANGEL IN MEMORY OF BEATRICE. (<i>By per- mission of Mr W. M. Rossetti</i>) . . .	71
W. HOLMAN HUNT—PORTRAIT OF D. G. ROSSETTI. (<i>By permission of Mr W. M. Rossetti</i>)	75
W. HOLMAN HUNT—THE HIRELING SHEP- HERD. (Manchester Art Gallery. <i>By permission of the Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation of Manchester</i>) . . .	79
D. G. ROSSETTI—HEAD OF "KATE THE QUEEN." (<i>By permission of Mr W. M. Rossetti</i>)	83
W. HOLMAN HUNT—SKETCH FOR PICTURE. (From "The Germ")	87
J. E. MILLAIS—EARLY SKETCH FOR LORENZO AND ISABELLA. (British Museum) . . .	91
J. E. MILLAIS—PENCIL DESIGN FOR ETCHING INTENDED FOR THE "GERM." (British Museum)	99
J. E. MILLAIS—LORENZO AND ISABELLA. (Liverpool, Walker Art Gallery. <i>By permission of the Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation of Liverpool</i>) . . .	103

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
J. E. MILLAIS — OPHELIA. (The Tate Gallery)	107
J. E. MILLAIS—THE BLIND GIRL (The Birmingham Art Gallery. <i>By permission of the Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation of Birmingham</i>) . . .	111
J. E. MILLAIS—AUTUMN LEAVES. (Manchester Art Gallery. <i>By permission of the Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation of Manchester</i>)	115
J. E. MILLAIS — EARLY STUDY FOR THE DELUGE. (British Museum) . . .	119
J. E. MILLAIS — STUDY FOR THE GOOD SAMARITAN. (British Museum) . . .	123
J. E. MILLAIS — STUDY FOR THE GOOD SAMARITAN. (British Museum) . . .	129
J. E. MILLAIS—SHEET OF STUDIES. (British Museum)	133
J. E. MILLAIS—STUDY OF A FEMALE HEAD. (British Museum)	139
CHARLES COLLINS — STUDIES FOR PICTURE. (British Museum)	143
CHARLES COLLINS — SKETCH FOR PICTURE. (British Museum)	147

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
THOMAS WOOLNER—FILIAL PIETY . . .	153
THOMAS WOOLNER—FILIAL PIETY . . .	157
HOLMAN HUNT — CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE. (From an Engraving)	161
J. E. MILLAIS—THE HUGUENOT. (From the Engraving by Gambart)	167
F. SANDYS — CARICATURE OF MILLAIS' SIR ISUMBRAS AT THE FORD	171



I

MR HOLMAN HUNT has now very ably stated his own case. He has stated hardly less ably the case of Sir John Millais. These two, he says, were the joint leaders, the sole originators, and the only productive artists of the movement called Pre-Raphaelite. The Brotherhood—save always for the life that it still has in the incisive brush of Mr Holman Hunt—has been dead for nearly half a century. So we may, fittingly enough, set about deciphering that least clear of many modern problems: —“What was Pre-Raphaelism?”¹

¹ Mr Hunt insists on the name “Pre-Raphaelitism,” because the English Seven were disciples *not* of the painters who painted before Raphael, but of the painters who painted before the painters who imitated Raphael. The imitators of Raphael he calls Raphaelites, Raphael himself being a Pre-Raphaelite. But in that case Mr Hunt should style himself a Pre-Raphaeliteite. At any rate “Pre-Raphaelism” is a word much less repulsive.

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Pre-Raphaelism was, of course, a return to Nature—it was nothing more and nothing less. It was a thing, in its inception, as perfectly clear, as simple, and as sharp cut as a ray of sunlight driven through the gloom of a cellar from a key-hole in a door. But it fell—this particular ray—at a moment when there were so many vapours, so many winds, so many cross-currents in the air, and in the ensuing half-century so many other rays have since whirled and flashed from so many other searchlights, that it is difficult enough now for any who have not studied *au fond* this relatively unimportant by-way of human thought and its projection to see that original ray in its clear definiteness. For Pre-Raphaelism was a revolt in the midst of revolts, a Gironde, a Mountain in a very French Revolution of the plastic arts. As a producing agency it gave to the world ten or a dozen pictures, five or six poems, a few statues—and it has caused an inordinate heap of Memoirs.

It lasted, this brilliant and impracticable manifestation of the spirit of youth, at the very most some five years—from 1848-1853—then no one any more wrote P.R.B. behind his

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

name. Before it—in so far as the fine arts were concerned—there had existed the Grand Style, and the revolt against it which was called Classical Art ; and the revolt against that, which was called Romantic Art. The revolt which was called Christian Art (or German Pre-Raphaelism) a little preceded and long outlasted the English Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

But Pre-Raphaelism in its English branch left behind it two main currents of æsthetic manifestations—the first bring the later style of Sir John Millais, which along with other styles (mostly hatched in French Academic studios) is responsible for a large majority of the pictures in the present day Royal Academy Exhibitions in London. These pictures, whether they be the *Return of Black Brunswicker*, B. W. Leaders, pretty female heads, portraits of small celebrities, or designs for patriotic calendars, have of course no æsthetic significance—but it should be remembered that we have the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood to thank for the fact that these banal works take their present shape. They “supply,” innocently enough, “a felt want” ; they form a sort of innocuous daily bread ; they are the “pretty

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

picture" of commerce, and they matter very little. But they do probably less harm than did the commercial art that the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood rendered ridiculous and for ever impossible. You may make, that is to say, a full meal off the bread so liberally provided at the commercial exhibitions, but the meal will not do more than dull your intellect or your æsthetic perception. It will not cause you to scream violently when you are brought face to face with some picture that is, approximately, vital and sincere. That, however, is what the art of the forties caused its consumers to do when they were confronted with the lispings of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. For, turning from the darkened and treacley surfaces of the then Academy pictures to the comparative light and air of Mr Hunt's and Sir John Millais' early works, Charles Dickens *did* scream violently. He accused the painters of blasphemy, demanded their imprisonment, and very ably demonstrated how great was the hold over him of the picture manufacturers of his day. He was not of course an art critic; he was not even a man of any great logical intellect; but, great novelist and reformer, he

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

carried a great public behind him, and was tricked into rendering himself a figure of ridicule for succeeding generations—a thing in itself pitiful enough. He changed, of course, his note in after years, and so did the body of his followers, the Brotherhood having killed for ever the school of painters on bitumen, and having prepared the way for what is most commonplace, along with what is most vital, in the British art of to-day.

This particular art made, of course, a clear break away from Pre-Raphaelism—a break so clean that no one ever thought of claiming that *The North-West Passage* or *Bubbles* were in any sense Pre-Raphaelite. But the case is by no means so clear when it comes to the later Mediæval-Æsthetic school which is misnamed Pre-Raphaelite.

Yet it is much easier to deduce even *The North - West Passage* from Mr Hunt's *The Awakened Conscience*, Rossetti's *Found*, or from Millais' own picture of a fireman rescuing a child—much easier to trace the development than to father Rossetti's large women of the seventies, Burne-Jones's *King Cophetua*, or the decorations of Mr William Morris or Mr Walter

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Crane upon Rossetti's *Annunciation*, Mr Hunt's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, or even upon Millais' *Lorenzo and Isabella*.

For it must be remembered that the keynote of the Pre-Raphaelite aspiration was an early or mid-Victorian modernity. The three Pre-Raphaelite painters, Rossetti, Hunt, and Millais, whilst they still signed themselves P.R.B., strove before all things to be themselves and to render the world as they saw it, they being young men in England in the forties and fifties.

But one of these young men, going to Oxford to paint, met there other young men bearing the honoured names of Charles Algernon Swinburne, William Morris, and Edward Burne-Jones. These young men, along with Rossetti the Pre-Raphaelite, formed a new group or coterie—a coterie that was really more literary than plastic-æsthetic. Their particular dominant note was the “mediæval” one; they deepened, as it were, that particular channel of the romantic stream that Walter Scott had first caused to flow; they steeped themselves far more than he in the spirit of mediævalism; they pursued it into France,

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

into Italy, and even into Germany; they exhausted its tendencies until, in the case of William Morris, they became, in letters almost pre-mediæval, and in æsthetics altogether of the Renaissance. The upholders of this movement—which was not the Pre-Raphaelite movement—exhausted themselves, in fact, to think, to see, to feel, and to exhale Mediævalism—and they were nicknamed the Æstheticists, just as, earlier, the small band of Realists had been called Pre-Raphaelite by a world that was anything rather than sympathetic.

It is a little difficult to tell who was the first criminal—who first styled Pre-Raphaelite this later and comparatively decadent school of Æstheticists. It may have been "Punch": in that case the second naming, even as was the case with the first, was a by-name; or it may have been one of the innumerable disciples, hangers-on, or parasites of Rossetti: to them "Pre-Raphaelite" would be already a word of honour, a title that they might well be proud to assume. At any rate, so far as the large and necessarily ignorant public is concerned, the Æstheticists grew to be called Pre-Raphaelites: the followers of the least Pre-Raphaelite of the

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Seven taking the name which, if strict justice must be dealt out, belonged almost solely to Mr Holman Hunt.

Anyone who will take the trouble to read the two volumes which Mr Hunt devotes to claiming this position for himself—and still more, anyone who gives himself the very pleasant trouble of really examining these pictures, Pre-Raphaelite and later, of the original trio of painters—will see how very true this distinction is.

There is, however, yet another painter, Ford Madox Brown, whose fame obscures the issue. If Rossetti's trumpeters, who were many and loud, succeeded in transferring the very name of Pre-Raphaelite to a movement radically different, Madox Brown's upholders, who were few enough and remain a band as scattered as that of some tiny Nonconformist sect, these Brownists have contrived to label their hero "the father of the Pre-Raphaelites"—another injustice to Mr Holman Hunt, and one which Mr Holman Hunt very naturally resents.

Madox Brown's figure is one of a singularly luckless man, whether as an artist or an individual. It seems likely that he never did



FORD MADOX BROWN

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

justice to the remarkable powers that were his ; it is certain that he never received any material reward at all commensurate with his diligence, his sincerity, or his very considerable achievements. He was not, either officially or in spirit, ever a Pre-Raphaelite, but his early career is so typical of the life that any sincere artist must have led in the early years of the last century, that it throws a very useful light upon the subject of what Pre-Raphaelism was not. Madox Brown was born in Calais, in 1821, at a time when painting of the Grand Style was still at its most powerful in England. In France and Belgium it had already almost succumbed before the onslaughts of David and the Classicists. This was in itself a civil war, if not a revolution, but the spirit of the rebellion was much more one of subject than of "technique." The Classicists painted new things in an old way : they did not change their manner of looking at, or of rendering the world and humanity, they simply made mankind put on Greco-Roman chitons, peplums, or togas, and stretch their arms and legs out further beneath Greco-Roman temples. Nevertheless, Classicism was a revolt ; and if it merely

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

attacked the type of subject and costume, it proved that there existed a sufficiently widespread dissatisfaction.

At the time when Madox Brown began to paint in 1835, he being then fourteen, another revolt, or third party in the Fronde, was already on foot: this was the party of the Romanticists, and once more it was a matter of subject, much more than of technique. The Romanticists made mankind put on ruffs and trunk hose and go to the scaffold and the block, posing as Mary Stuart, as Egmont and Hoorn, or as King Charles I., but always the method of painting remained, heavy, gloomy, dominated by mathematical rules, shadowed by the enactments of the primeval chambers of commerce of tradesmen-painters. Nevertheless, Romanticism was also a revolt, valuable in its way, as must be all movements that set men questioning their accepted ideas.

It was under the banner of the Romanticists that Madox Brown was first enlisted: he received at least his most salient lessons from Baron Wappers, a Belgian, who was one of the chiefs of that movement. He had no doubt

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

other earlier masters of the differing schools, for his first pictures were a fête champêtre that might be the work of an able follower of Fragonard, a very good portrait in the style of Rembrandt, and other subjects painted upon bitumen. By 1845, when he visited the studios of the German Pre-Raphaelites in Rome, he was already a very able painter. His particular romantic mood was that of Byronism : he painted Manfreds and Beppos and Corsairs. One picture of his, a *Parisina's Sleep*, is a really impressive work ; the subject calling for a lamplit interior is not appallingly unsuited for the then conventional treatment ; the drawing is fine, and the handling of oil-colours showing a mastery to which he hardly afterwards attained.

The German Pre-Raphaelites, Nazarenes, or Christian Art practitioners, were at that time already living their semi-monastic lives in Rome, under the dual leadership of Herren Cornelius and Overbeck. Their movement was one more revolt in that age of revolutions. Like the others, it was more a revolt of subject than of technique : the Nazarene painted Bible stories, timidly enough and with no par-

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

ticular sincerity, except of cult. That is to say, that they were so devout Catholic Revivalists that they imitated, not the æsthetic spirit of the painters who painted before Raphael, but the devotional frame of mind. Like Fra Angelico, they worked in cells, and like the mediæval illuminators, prepared themselves for their work by vigil, flagellation, or fasting. So little indeed did they emulate the Primitives in spirit that, far from attempting to go to Nature, they put forth the doctrine that no human models must be used in order to avoid in their works all taint of fleshliness. That of course was very German and amusing to their contemporaries, and so the name Pre-Raphaelite was spread abroad, a term of wonder and humorous amazement, to the ends of the habitable earth.¹ Their particular revolt was perhaps the least useful of any: they produced mildly creditable pictures in later years, but they exercised no lasting influence upon any present school of art or upon any artist.

They influenced Madox Brown less even than the real Pre-Raphaelites of England—

¹ It reached even Australia of the '40's.

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

since it was upon his return to England that he set, for the first time, really to work to transcribe from Nature. He produced a portrait that he called a *Modern Holbein*.

With this not otherwise very remarkable picture he really did initiate modern art. He seems to have been the first man in modern days to see or to put in practice the theory that æsthetic salvation was to be found not in changing the painter's subject, but in changing his method of looking at and rendering the visible world. He began trying to paint what he saw.

And it is a pathetic symptom of his loneliness in effort that he could go to no modern man to teach him the principles of realism—that, even as the Pre-Raphaelites went, later, to the primitive Italians, he must go to a long-dead Suabian. If we add, then, to the fact that he discovered this principle, the other fact that he first painted upon a white canvas, discarding the bituminous grounds that every other artist of these days employed in order to give to their pictures a fictitious quality of Rembrandtesque shadow and of golden brown light, we see the sum-total of the English Pre-

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Raphaelites' indebtedness to a painter who has been so wrongly styled the father of Pre-Raphaelism. He did, of course, once they were started upon their careers, give them, for what it was worth, his blessing as an older and vastly more capable artist. Messrs W. M. Rossetti, D. G. Rossetti, and F. G. Stephens, being Pre-Raphaelite brothers, Madox Brown's grandson and a great many other outside commentators, have said that Madox Brown was asked to join the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and refused, not for any lack of sympathy: Mr Holman Hunt declares that Madox Brown was never asked at all.

The matter seems to be eminently immaterial to any comprehension of the Brotherhood itself; the fact remains that Madox Brown never held any official position in the movement. He painted a number of pictures that would have satisfied the Pre-Raphaelite canons of fidelity to Nature and dignity of subject, and perhaps in his diligence, his sincerity, his ceaseless searching after truth to Nature—above all in his avoidance of *chic*, of made rules and conventional tricks—he remained to

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

the end of his days almost as much a Pre-Raphaelite in spirit as does Mr Holman Hunt himself. But this of course is a long way from making him in any literal sense a father of Pre-Raphaelism.

II

THE student of these matters having made out to his own satisfaction that the Æsthetic movement, though it centred round one of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, was a thing very different from Pre-Raphaelism, and having seen to what extent, in a Europe full of revolutionary movements, the ground was cleared for that particular revolution—having seen that, in a world of mathematically prescribed shadow, a picture called a modern Holbein had been painted, and its painter was already employing a pure white ground—the student, having seen for himself these things, will ask: What *was* Pre-Raphaelism?

In the beginning, he will be tempted to answer, a savage chiselled an outline of a mammoth upon a bone. But a certain amount of reflection will set him to asking the question: Was this primeval savage not perhaps himself a revolutionist? Or even, terrible as the

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

thought appears, a maker of conventions? For where, in the Nature before his eyes, upon what mastodon did any savage, with his own eyes, see an outline at all? Here, then, at the very origin of discoverable renderings, we are brought up against the fact that either æsthetic revolutions and counter-revolutions must have taken place before the Stone Age, reverberating right back into the unthinkable æons of time; or the very first artist must have been forced into employing a convention by the very first tool that ever artist employed.

For the very first human inhabitant of this globe *must* have seen natural objects as planes or masses, and, to have come as near a real rendering as was practicable, he should have chiselled patterns from his bone, or have cut away his bone until he had formed figures in low-relief. In case that had been the original practice, no doubt the next step, reached after how many æons of rendering, was to employ the outline as a means for delimiting the portion of the bone to be excised or retained. And from that to regarding the outline itself as a part of the record, as the record itself, how great the step, how long the

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

years, how heated the discussions must have been ! And, in the ages that have succeeded, how many other conventions have been evolved, have riveted themselves slowly upon humanity and have been at last destroyed, by iconoclasts who have been artists, by iconoclasts who have been prophets, by iconoclasts who have been enquirers.

But always the process has been one in which poor humanity seeking to render itself, or seeking to see itself rendered, has with pains and labours evolved some outline, some plastic convention—some hieroglyph—has been hypnotised, as it were, into the adoption of that hieroglyph, and has then fought vigorously for the retention of that hieroglyph, as the last word of human expression.

No doubt we may see in these processions of Arts, primeval, Assyrian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Italian, Primitive, Renaissance, Grand Style, or Napoleon-Classical, nothing but the universal desire of humanity in all the ages for something that shall be final in expression—and in the disgust that each new revolution has excited we may see the subconscious expression of the weariness of



FORD MADOX BROWN
WORK

(By permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.)

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

humanity at being forced to face always new problems, at being forced to acknowledge that there never is, and never can be, a finality.

And the Problem of the Artist is indeed a bewildering one. For, on the one hand, skill in rendering—in that subtle trickery of the beholder into an oblivion of himself that is art—this particular skill is gained only by evolving rules for the manipulation of materials. But, as if to set this at once at naught, the only possibility of evolving a really vital art seems to lie in utterly ignoring those rules once they are evolved. It is as if one should with infinite care in the placing of each card build up a tall card-house, and then cry out that the only way to build a house of cards is to shake the table and begin in quite another way—because one is sick and tired of the house once it is built. That, no doubt, is the true statement of the Problem.

The Grand Style painters really *had* evolved a method, mathematical and precise, of building up excellent pictures, so that anyone who had a certain minimum of manual skill and of docility might erect, as it were, a very creditable house of cards, surely, and with a nice

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

confidence. And then—the world was tired of these houses. For it is certain that the world was tired of them, otherwise they would not have been so easily swept away by ten pictures and a few small statues. The Pre-Raphaelites were, of course, a long way from coming first with their protest. We may find the almost infant Gainsborough, who was in no particular sense a revolutionist, protesting to his first master that, try as he would, he could not see grass of a pleasant and mellow amber colour such as it was in the sketches that he was set to copy and to emulate. His master replied with a placid assurance that, sooner or later, the infant genius would see, or would find it convenient to see, that grass, leaves, roses, flesh, velvet, armour, or fruit could be made to look so coloured, if one took the trouble. And, upon the whole, Gainsborough did fall in with his master's ideas, though he never did anything but laugh at the suggestion of his later friends—that he should attempt "subjects" of a sublime nature. Hogarth of course, in a sense, did look at Nature, and his powers as a painter, other than as a designer of stories, have never been done

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

justice to, since in Hogarth the painter we *do* find, if we will only take the trouble to look, the real commencement, the real initiator, of modern painting—of painting, that is, that was not a mere re-hash of pictures, that was a product of a real outlook upon life, not of a study of Correggios and the rest.

Constable, too, and J. M. W. Turner and the last century landscapists who were supreme painters; Bonnington, in a sense, and even no doubt men like J. B. Payne, did contrive to turn out, and even to force acceptance for, a great quantity of work that was more or less directly inspired by personal observations of real objects—of the charms of real lights and real shadows, filtered through and rendered magical by their own personalities. But upon the whole, again, there never resulted in these, from the example of their works and from their word of mouth teachings, any settled principle that the secret of their particular charm—of all charm in works of art—was to be attained to only by observation filtered through personality.

I am far from wishing to set this down as a dogma or a canon, and further even from wishing to discriminate between the relative

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

value which I personally attach to the study of masterpieces or the study of "Nature." But this was the particular dogma that the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood existed in order to proclaim, and for the moment it is convenient to attempt to trace its genesis.

The general idea, then, existed ; it had been acted upon by a sufficient number of English painters before. In a certain studio in Clipstone Street or elsewhere of a dingy London quarter, certain young painters stood looking at the engravings of certain persons in the Campo Santo of Pisa. Callously stated, the dogmas that they set out to scatter as chaff is scattered before a wind—these dogmas were absurd, unreasonable, galling, childish—anything you will, with which the contemptible may be contemptuously branded. What could be more absurd than to say that, a picture being a natural object rendered, in the rendering of a scene any picture *must* contain two-thirds of shadow, or four-fifths, or nine-tenths ; that the light must begin in a triangular wedge at the bottom right-hand corner of the picture ; that the picture must be painted upon a dark brown ground ? Yet all these "musts" hampered

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

the artist, or aided him to produce mediocre works.

Nevertheless, if we stop for a moment to enquire into the psychology of these producers, we may see a logic that, in its day, was seductive enough to hold captive a whole world. For these people, now so long dead and discredited, said simply: "There were painters of masterpieces before our day: let us seek to discover their secrets and we shall know how to paint masterpieces." There could be nothing more logical than that. Accordingly, painter after painter journeyed into Italy, that land from which came the masterpieces.

They had—these masterpieces—a uniform and seductive quality of brownness: a rich hue: a "body," as it were. That gave charm, repose, and a sort of respectability. Someone discovered that you could attain to that brown coloration by painting upon a rich brown preparation: therefore everyone painted upon such preparations. That, too, was logical, and, if it were easy, it was no less indisputable. The problem of how the great masters got their most delicious of all gifts, their "chiaroscuro," offered no such obvious solution—

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

but that secret too yielded itself to patient investigation, to scientific comparison. For a painter of industry that amounted to genius went from masterpiece to masterpiece, making upon pieces of white paper charts of the shadows in each picture; blocking in the regions of shadow and leaving the high lights simply white, as you may distinguish the land from the sea in a map. And, having made an infinite number of such charts, he struck an average of the proportions of light and shadow—and there was the secret revealed. The great masters used in their pictures shadow and light in the proportion of four to one. Henceforth—and what could be more logical—every picture with any pretensions to being a masterpiece must be painted upon a brown ground, and must contain four parts of shadow to each one of light.

Other painters refined upon these theories, varied in their averages of light and shadow, or discovered, as did the great Hogarth himself, philosopher's stones in the shape of Lines of Beauty. Mr Holman Hunt was himself a juvenile disciple of John Varley, the discoverer of "Zodiacal Physiognomy."



FORD MADOX BROWN
CROMWELL AND MILTON

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

“One favourite theory of his was that every object in Nature was divided into triangles: that the lines were at times curved, only veiled this fixed law. The human figure standing upright with arms extended, or again as crucified from the extremities, makes a figure of three sides. The features of the face seen in front are grouped in a triangle. In profile, again, the features form a triangle from ear to chin, chin to eyebrow, eyebrow to ear, and each feature is in its shape three-sided, and even parts of each are triangles. A tree is an inverted triangle; a hill is a triangle on its base. Nature with its light and shade is always at work dividing squares and parallelograms into triangles. The square sails of a boat are thus transformed in a very striking manner.”

Zodiacal Physiognomy was in fact a very logical product of the human reasoning. And, indeed, the tendency to seek to discover secret rules is inborn in humanity and undying. For what is Pointillism but an attempt to deduce from the theory of Light what the eighteenth century attempted to deduce from the practice of the old masters. And only the other day

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

the most modern painter of the most modern of the great nations laid it down that no landscape ever had been or ever could be a masterpiece if its horizon came anywhere near to dividing the picture in half.

That particular modern painter does, however, turn out very fine and very individual paintings, and if he be only in degree less of a "crank" than were John Varley or Hogarth himself, he does, in the present happily anarchic stage of modern painting, very little harm. He has no world of official painters and no vast public to enforce his maxims upon his brother painters; and no doubt each of his brother painters has his own particular maxim, his own secret, the moral that he draws from the works of those strong men who lived before Agamemnon.

But in the days of the Pre-Raphaelites criticism was codified into an engine of a strength that is to us almost incredible. It was, literally and demonstrably, considered to be blasphemy to paint a Holy Family without the accessories of bituminous ground and fair proportion of shadow. But he who makes a law makes also criminals, and, founded though

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

these laws were upon reason, precedent, and reverence for the mighty past, by their very strength they must inevitably create revolutionists. They came in the persons of the Pre-Raphaelites.

These young men—who later carried their disregard of the Immortals of precedent to the extent of compiling for themselves a list of Immortals commencing with Jesus Christ and ending with Alfred Tennyson—were born all within a year or so of each other in the twenties of the last century. The times, as I have said, were ripe for revolt, and, had the Pre-Raphaelites not come when they did, their places would almost inevitably have been supplied by other young men. As it was, we may say that Mr Hunt was a revolutionist simply because he was temperamentally unable to paint in the older manner, and D. G. Rossetti because he was too lazy to learn it. Millais upon the whole may be said to have been never a Pre-Raphaelite in any very earnest spirit. Pre-Raphaelism was, in his brilliant and delightful career, a mere episode: it was as if he were, for a moment, a swallow flitting through a great hall, in and out and done with

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

it. Before its inception he had already had a brilliant career : after its death he had another. Perhaps he gained something from its discipline ; perhaps he did not ; we cannot tell. Subsequently, at different periods, he expressed alternately regret for having had to do with the Brotherhood, or regret for having abandoned it.

But with Mr Hunt, Pre-Raphaelism was a matter of grim earnest ; it was at once a faith and a means of justification. So it remains to him : he could never have painted otherwise than as the Brethren painted, he could never have conquered the world, had not, to its limited extent, the Brotherhood proved justified of its existence.

Thomas Woolner, the fourth of the Pre-Raphaelites to make any serious mark as a practising artist, is a somewhat silent figure. He was a sculptor, sincerely realistic in his aims, but without much sense of plastic grace. His comparatively rare "subject" groups had little of the more attractive sides of Pre-Raphaelism : his figures, overwhelmed in straight draperies, appear almost to be walking in shrouds, and his rare nudes have little sincere-

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

ness of line or beauty of conception. As a portraitist, however, he had a considerable gift for catching the human characteristics of faces. As a figure himself he was eccentric and unyielding, with less of fascination than any one of the other six Brethren, and, in the later years of his life, he devoted himself more to the collection of pictures and bric-à-brac than to the practice of his art.

Collinson, a painter of very mediocre gifts, was both æsthetically and metaphysically a weak, almost poltroonish creature who might, had he had the courage to work, have produced creditable pictures within certain narrow limits. He had, that is to say, a reasonable skill in rendering still life and draperies, but he doubted his own powers so much that he left practically no work behind him, whilst by his religious waverings he succeeded very efficiently in ruining the life of one of our greatest poetesses.

The other two members—if we regard the Brotherhood as a working unit, an active and propagandist organisation—must be regarded as its literary mouthpieces. The late Mr F. G. Stephens, if he never produced any paintings of

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

his own, did, with a very sharp and effective pen, yeoman service to the principles of the Brotherhood, and had a very honourable, active, and useful career as an art-critic. Mr William Rossetti's is a figure almost more sympathetic, by reason of its abnegations, than that of any member of the Seven. Satisfying as they do the literary canons of actual observation and sincere rendering of the world that surrounded the Brethren, his several early poems have a merit that has never yet been acknowledged, and but for the fact that he devoted all his early life to the support of his brother, his sisters, and his parents, he would assuredly have been a poet as considerable as his more celebrated brother, and only less great in degree than Christina Rossetti. His actual services to Pre-Raphaelism at the time of its struggle for existence were very great, since in a number of newspapers and journals he praised their pictures, elucidated their principles, and spread the light vouchsafed to them.

III

THESE seven men, then, formed the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In the beginning they were united by the common bond of opposition to the then constituted authorities and their one maxim was, "Death to Slosh." Slosh was the easy Academic handling of all the self-satisfied practitioners of the day—the Eggs, Copes, Friths, Stones, Mulreadys, Wilkies, and even the Haydons. At that date, or even before 1848, Millais had already learnt all that was to be learnt of the Academicians. His *Cymon and Iphigenia*, with its mechanically noted contrasts of dark nude maidens with fair nude maidens, its conventional poses, its conventional simpers, and its brilliant painting, was—in 1847—already, to all intents and purposes, as fine a work as the *Homeric Dance* of William Etty, R.A., himself. That is to say, that if it had not the individual quality that leaves the *Homeric Dance* still, in spite of its conventions,

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

a satisfying work of art, its painter had learnt of Etty absolutely all that he could learn—except the one thing, how to become Etty.

Mr Hunt, on the other hand, had made the discovery that he never could learn anything from the Academic instructors. By doing violence to his natural tastes he had managed with difficulty to produce drawings from the Antique that just enabled him to squeeze into the Academy schools. But, once there, he despaired of learning anything that had any significance for his intimate self. What, indeed, a student of genius might have learned in the Academy schools of that day, was just a certain freedom of the hand, a flowing line, and an ease with pencil, charcoal, or the brush that Mr Holman Hunt has never possessed—that he never could have possessed. He therefore had no resource but to strike out a line for himself. And it is pathetic to read that he too spent hours before such masterpieces as were then to be seen in the public galleries, making for himself just such charts of lights and shadows as had been made by his precursors of the Grand Style. He was attempting to surprise the secrets of the dead

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

masters. But with that too he was discontented.

I have little doubt that it was Mr Hunt who inoculated Millais with the revolutionary virus—since Millais, brilliant, facile, and amiable as he had been and as he finally became once more, was not the figure of a man to indulge in any permanent revolt against authority, if only authority consented to remain moderately tolerable. In any case, Mr Hunt and Millais had been student friends of several years' standing before there was any mention of Pre-Raphaelism in England. Whilst so excellently making out for Millais and himself the claim to be the originators of Pre-Raphaelism, if not of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Mr Hunt gives some very charming pictures of the friendly intercourse between himself and the wonderful child that was Millais ; of their lives in the dingy London of the forties ; of their working in the dingy galleries of the British Museum ; of Millais' management of his subjected father and mother. And he records endless conversations that carry conviction the less because they back up, almost too wonderfully well, the

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

patent contention that Mr Hunt and Millais deserve all the credit of Pre-Raphaelism. It is, that is to say, impossible to believe that Millais uttered the page-long speeches in inverted commas with which Mr Hunt credits him, and it is equally impossible to believe that Mr Hunt ever really uttered the two-page-and-a-half-long answers. The phrases too are too patly conceived in order to support the contentions of the Mr Hunt of 1896-1905. Nevertheless, we may well believe that Millais and Mr Hunt were already in 1848 very intimate, and that, if somewhat less articulate than Mr Hunt would have us believe, they were very genuinely dissatisfied with the then all-powerful conventions,—Millais, because he had exhausted all their possibilities; Mr Hunt, because he was unable even to begin to assimilate them.¹

¹ Mr J. G. Millais' Life of his father is of little use at this stage to the student. Millais appears to have kept practically no letters referring to these years of his life, and his son went for information almost solely to Mr Hunt, who, in the matter that is there supplied, merely forecasts the fuller representations that he makes in his own book.

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Before this time, however, Mr Hunt had made the acquaintance of D. G. Rossetti, coming upon him one day whilst he himself was in search of that inspiration from the masterpieces that he never found. Later, a bond of sympathy between Mr Hunt and Rossetti arose through their mutual admiration for the poems of Keats. "Rossetti," says Mr Hunt, "came up to me repeating his praise and loudly declaring that my picture of the *Eve of St Agnes* was the best in the collection" (at the R.A. Exhibition, 1848). . . . "Rossetti frankly proposed to me to come and see him. Before this I had been only on nodding terms with him in the schools, to which he came but rarely and irregularly. He had always attracted there a following of clamorous students who, like Millais' throng, were rewarded with original sketches. Rossetti's subjects were of a different class from Millais, not of newly culled facts, but of knights rescuing ladies. A few days more¹ and Rossetti was in my studio. I showed him all my pictures and studies . . . and it was pleasant to hear him repeating propositions and theories in his own richer phrase."

¹ May 10, 1848.

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Rossetti had at that time been attracted by Madox Brown's *Study in the manner of the old masters, our Lady of Saturday Night*, and had been for two months undergoing a bitter apprenticeship to the older painter—an apprenticeship that lasted exactly four months. During this time Rossetti worked partly in Madox Brown's studio, and partly in the studio that he shared with Mr Hancock, a sculptor. A little later he shared another with Mr Hunt himself.

It seems probable that Rossetti did not really learn much at this period either from Madox Brown or from Mr Hunt, though Mr Hunt claims roundly, and in so many words, that it was from himself that Rossetti gained all the technical knowledge that he ever had. One may regard that claim with a certain dubiety, since the Rossetti of later years had a certain amount of technical knowledge of a kind that was diametrically opposed to all the teachings of Mr Holman Hunt, but it is by no means impossible that Rossetti's first picture of *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin* did actually gain from the fact that it was painted in the studio in which Mr Hunt also worked. Mr

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Hunt indeed hints that, up to a certain date, he himself painted at least such portions of the picture as Rossetti found too difficult.

At about this date there was formed a sketching association, the Cyclographic Club, the members of which agreed to afford designs for each other's criticism and improvement. The club numbered amongst its members Millais, Rossetti, and Mr Hunt. According to Mr Hunt, he himself and Millais very soon seceded from this organisation, because they could discover no glimmer of talent in the other members; but, upon second thoughts, they decided to allow Rossetti to secede with them, since some talent was discernible in his designs. Other authorities say that Rossetti seceded to please himself.

Be that as it may, the fact seems to remain that clubs, brotherhoods, and associations were being founded at that date, even as they are to-day, by a number of art-students. Thus it came into the heads of Messrs Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti, according to all other authorities—or into the head of Mr Holman Hunt alone, according to Mr Holman Hunt—that Messrs Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti—or in

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

the alternative, Messrs Millais and Hunt alone—might form a club, the members of which should paint according to the revolutionary standards desired by Messrs Hunt and Millais—or Messrs Hunt, Millais and Rossetti.

To what extent any one or two of the three young men had by that date elaborated or formulated the doctrines that later were to be called Pre-Raphaelism it is difficult to be quite certain, though Mr Hunt claims that he and Millais had already stated everything that was in any way material. But the pictures that Mr Hunt and Millais had had ready for exhibition by that date show few traces of the putting into execution of such ideas—Mr Hunt's *Eve of St Agnes* being little different in technical inspiration from many other works of its year, and Millais' *Cymon and Iphigenia* being an absolute imitation of the works of Etty.

But, of course, the step from holding revolutionary views to the putting them into execution without any outside aid or the sympathetic contagion that is afforded by such a coterie as was embodied later in the Brotherhood itself—such a step is a very great one. And we may well believe that Mr Holman Hunt did hold

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

something like the views of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood long before the Brotherhood itself actually existed. In any case it matters very little to any one, the sole point of importance being the value of the works that Pre-Raphaelism actually produced—and the really important point about the Brotherhood is that it afforded just that atmosphere of sympathy and encouragement that was necessary for the production of works so beautiful as the *Lorenzo and Isabella* of Millais and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* of Mr Holman Hunt.

And that that enthusiasm for the works of those two artists did exist in the hearts of the five other Brethren and their friends and disciples, every public and private utterance of those five does absolutely prove. Mr Hunt and, following his dictation, Mr J. G. Millais, try to make us believe that Mr Hunt and Millais did not show their enthusiasm for the common cause. They represent the two artists as only very grudgingly allowing admittance to the other five; as making all sorts of mental reservations, and as being instinct with a want of generosity that it is hard to believe in. It is all the harder to believe in

PREF-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

when we remember the splendid and generous figure of Millais as a young man, and it is utterly incredible to those of us who have been able to read a whole series of the unpublished letters of Mr Holman Hunt—a series of letters written between the years 1850-5—in which Mr Hunt speaks in terms of unrestrained friendship and unbridled generosity of admiration for the works and attainments of Messrs Rossetti, Woolner, Collinson, and F. G. Stephens. It is in fact much pleasanter—as it is to be nearer the truth—to believe that the Mr Hunt and Sir John Millais, P. R. A., of the closing years of the nineteenth century libelled the generous youths who were known as “old Hunt” and “the Lamp-post”—to believe that the Pre-Raphaelites really were a brilliant young band, created to burn torches, break open closed doors, and wear in their hair the vine leaves of a splendid amity.

Nor, indeed, need we believe that Mr Hunt and Mr Millais' rendering of the Brotherhood are realists' versions of a romantic happening. Acastus, son of Pelias, Aeton, son of Hippasus, Butes, son of Teleion, Deucalion, son of Minos—or even Atalanta—

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

might in their old ages have left us crabbed versions of how the Argonauts really were enlisted; but the true version would nevertheless be ours, that of Jason with his loyal comrades sailing over the blue fiords to Aea in a fine youth of the world. So that, if we insist on conceding to Mr Hunt and Millais a greater share of the spirit of *camaraderie* than that which Mr Hunt now accords to them, we may be near enough to the mark—and then we have the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Mr Hunt insists that it was Rossetti who persisted in giving to the movement the Overbeckian (as Mr Hunt calls it) style of a Brotherhood, and that it was Rossetti who insisted that the union should be a close one. Perhaps we may believe what he says, for that was very much in D. G. Rossetti's character. He was a man full of generousities and the impracticabilities of youth. He had, too, a "richer gift of phrase," as Mr Hunt puts it, and he had, moreover, a very great share of a profound common sense. For we can see very well nowadays that what made Pre-Raphaelism a powerful engine was precisely its union. Scattered painters had been

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

working, more or less, according to its canons for a generation or two in England ; as I have pointed out, there had been the Gainsboroughs and the Hogarths, and, above all, the Constables and the Oldbromes. But, just on account of their solitarinesses and of their want of articulate voices, their efforts had done nothing to change the public mode of approach to pictures ; and it is more than likely that without the pen support of the lesser Pre-Raphaelites, Millais would never have given over working out his salvation in the style of Etty, and that Mr Hunt would have been forced to abandon painting altogether in favour of that commerce from which with so much energy he had climbed.

For, on the one hand, anyone who has had anything to do with the formulation of critical theories — anyone who has even read the journals of the brothers Goncourt, or of Maxime Ducamp—will know how immensely the conversation of a circle of men, of a coterie, a Brotherhood, or even the exchange of ideas of two or three friends, will end in putting vague ideas into words, and from words into action.

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

I have little hesitation in saying that Millais would never have taken the immense jump from the *Cymon and Iphigenia* to the *Lorenzo and Isabella* without the laying down of the law that came to its birth in the conclaves of the seven Brothers. And Mr Hunt would have passed many years of experiment before he had arrived at the *Rienzi*. As it was, the *Lorenzo* and the *Rienzi* followed the *Cymon* and the *Eve of St Agnes* without any break at all. And when later the public abuse of these pictures filled the press, the pens of Messrs W. M. Rossetti and F. G. Stephens were ready to answer the critics from organs of their own—from the “Spectator,” the “Critic,” and the “Athenæum” itself.

Moreover anyone who has had—as the present writer has had—the opportunity of wading through the immense mass of published and unpublished letters of the Pre-Raphaelites and their friends, will see at once how much more possible, from the point of view of patrons, the Pre-Raphaelite pictures became owing to this very fact of union and brotherhood. Letters were continually passing from one or other of the Pre-Raphaelites to one or other of

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

the patrons, confirming them when they hesitated, pressing them to extend their purchases to the works of other members, defending pictures already bought of brother painters, and suggesting new and glorious subjects for commissioning. In this way one purchaser of a Pre-Raphaelite picture was drawn into being a patron of all the others, and the M^cCrackens of Dublin, the Peter Miller of Liverpool, and the other Mr Miller (whom Mr Hunt mistakes for Mr Peter Miller), the Windus of Tottenham, and the Mr Plints, were beguiled into an appetite for the works of Mr Hunt, of Millais, of Rossetti, and of the Madox Browns, the Martineaus, and the Liverpool Pre-Raphaelites as well. The propaganda, by letter, by word of mouth, by the press, and by uniting in exhibition, created in fact a ready market and a steady sale that could never have existed had Messrs Hunt, Millais, Rossetti, and Collinson painted in solitude and sold to whomsoever they individually could find. *L'appétit*, in the matter of picture buying, *vient en mangeant*, and it can be proved without the shadow of a doubt that, during the five years that the Brotherhood existed, each of the

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

four painters concerned was more ready to press a patron into buying the works of his brothers and competitors than into buying his own pictures. This is a fine record of generosity, and it would be a pity indeed if the veteran reminiscences of the painters remaining could much change this aspect of the Brotherhood. Fortunately it cannot, and future editors of Mr Hunt's delightful two volumes of autobiography and dialectics will be sure to make annotations modifying such of Mr Hunt's views as appear most lamentably deficient in the historic sense. Mr Hunt's book suggests nothing so much as George Borrow's accounts of his encounter with the "Man in Black"—some sort of wicked and Protean emissary of the Æsthetics or the Brownists is as continually being detected and covered with confusion. But, upon the whole, the two volumes, when their particular line of protest is taken into account and discounted, will remain as delightful a record of a life of adventure, and as effective a collection of character, as are "Lavengro" or the "Romany Rye."

IV

So much of protest against what is psychologically misleading in Mr Hunt's and Mr Millais' books having been uttered, let us see what Pre-Raphaelism really was in its doctrine and its organisation.

We have seen that a spirit of revolt against the conventionalism of their day was abroad in Mr Hunt, in Millais, in Rossetti, and in such other painters as Madox Brown, Mr Arthur Hughes, and Robert Martineau. A number of the younger men had met in the studios of Messrs Hunt and Millais and, over certain prints after Orcagna or the frescoes in the Campo Santo in Pisa, had formulated certain doctrines. These doctrines marked a new stage in the eternal struggle between Type and Character, between Art considered as a thing remote from the actual world, and the Art that descends for its subjects into the market-place. Upon the whole, the fight from



W. HOLMAN HUNT
THE HIRELING SHEPHERD

(Manchester Art Gallery. By permission of the Art Gallery Committee of the

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

the days of Raphael onwards had gone all in favour of the Typical, of the Art that is aloof from life. Now, in 1848, a strong voice was to speak in favour of the life that is around us, in favour of Character as opposed to Type. And, although it is probable that, even amongst all the formulations of the Seven Brethren in their united séances, no voice actually put the matter in just that phrase, by a sure, if blind instinct, these youths pitched upon the very masters that they sought. For, if Type had predominated in the Arts since the days of Raphael, it was precisely to the painters who painted before that king that the Pre-Raphaelites must go to seek, not instruction so much as a text upon which to moralise.

That to all intents and purposes is all that they took from the Primitives. They saw that Orcagna and Fra Angelico and Filippo Lippi, Masaccio and Botticelli had acquired the freshness and grace that charmed them in 1848, not from any attempt to work according to abstract rules of beauty, but from a simple observation of the life that was around them. And they determined to set to work according to these principles that they could deduce

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

from those artists. In effect, they said that true beauty is to be found in Life alone, and that true beauty is to be brought into works of Art solely by rendering what they saw.

This formula did not, it will be observed, tie them down to a rendering of modern life, but it guarded them from any possibility of imitating the "style" of the Primitives: that is to say, if they were to fulfil their own laws, they were not to give to their pictures the "look" of an early Italian work. And it is significant that it was Millais, the weakest intellectually, as he was in execution the strongest of the Brethren, who painted the picture that most nearly had the "look" of a Primitive wall. For, having set to work hot-foot and with their first ideas burning in their minds, the Pre-Raphaelites turned out their first pictures—the *Lorenzo and Isabella*, the *Rienzi*, and the *Girlhood of Mary Virgin*.

Fine, finely painted, and inspiring as the *Lorenzo* really is, it is impossible when one looks at it to avoid seeing how skilful an exercise it is in the manner of the early masters. And when one sets it side by side with the *Rienzi* and the *Girlhood*, one sees how much more

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

imitative it is than either: how much less sincerely it is inspired by the rules of Pre-Raphaelism. For Rossetti's maiden effort is naïve and in places childish—but it is an honest attempt to render what he saw. And Mr Hunt's picture has no doubt defects—nevertheless that too is a rendering of what the painter had actually seen. But, whilst painting the *Lorenzo and Isabella*, Millais was very obviously trying to look at his mediæval subject with the eyes of a mediæval Italian painter. He was painting an exercise in the manner of the Primitives—and that was not Pre-Raphaelism.

The flat "look" of the picture; the cramping of the figures into an unreasonably small space; the skilfully defective perspective of the line of the table as it recedes into the background; the unreasonably straight leg of the brother kicking the grey hound (Millais can never have seen any model so kick any object, since it would be impossible to deliver any kind of blow with a limb so extended to its utmost limits); the costumes themselves, and the profiles of all the faces save one, all these things go to prove that Millais was not

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

painting a modern reconstitution of an ancient scene. And it must be remembered that at that date Millais was a consummate master. He could give to his paintings whatever "look" he liked, imitating Etty or any other painter of the Boydell Gallery absolutely at his ease. And that he could render so actually as to give to his work all the attributes that we to-day associate with photography is proved by his portrait of Mr Wyatt and a grand-daughter that was painted just before the *Lorenzo*. Here every detail is exact and observed, from the ungracious pose of the grandfather "sitting" in his high chair, the doll-like figure of the child, and the portraits on the walls, to the wonderfully painted gilt frames, mahogany tables, antimacassars, flower-vases, and pots of creeping Jenny.

All this, if it takes away from the value of the *Lorenzo and Isabella* as a Pre-Raphaelite picture, need not cause us to abate our wonder at the skill with which the exercise in imitation is performed. But it should be remembered that exercises in imitation were precisely what Pre-Raphaelism most deprecated; and it would seem, indeed, from the consideration of the



W. HOLMAN HUNT
SKETCH FOR PICTURE
(From "The Germ")

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Christ in the House of His Parents, that Millais realised this almost immediately. It would indeed seem that Millais, in conceiving the *Lorenzo*, had started out, all brilliant and gifted as he was, before he had really grasped what Pre-Raphaelism was, and that, having started out, he pursued his particular false start for a minute or two before turning back to the post. That indeed is a frequent happening to the young, high-spirited, and thoroughbred of all kinds of youthfulness.

We may discover much better what at its first inception "Pre-Raphaelism was" by looking at the *Rienzi* and the *Girlhood of Mary Virgin*.¹ In both these pictures there is a real effort to reconstitute an old story, to see it with modern eyes, and upon canvas to

¹ Mr Hunt damns Rossetti's picture with his favourite adjective, "Overbeckian." But Mr Hunt uses this epithet for so many and such dissimilar objects that one is tempted to believe that he can never have seen a picture by Overbeck. Overbeck himself tried to get as far from life as was practicable even for a German—whilst Mr Hunt has told us that Rossetti painted, under his own supervision, every detail in the *Girlhood* absolutely from the life.

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

render it as the painter saw it. Such stiffnesses as each picture possesses, are the result of want of skill, and such archaisms as are to be seen in them are the archaisms of 1848-9, and not of the fourteenth century.

Mr Hunt's picture betrays, indeed, in its costumes, a certain attempt at archaism ; but the knights with their pot-lid armour, the unmediæval shields, the attempts at modelling in the hind-quarters and tails of the horses, and the very wrinklings of the hosiery of the dying child—all those things prove that Mr Hunt really had painted realistically. He got together such properties as it was possible for a poor art-student to assemble in a dingy London studio, and then painted from these properties, and from nothing else, his touchingly naïve picture. In Rossetti's *Girlhood of Mary Virgin* these characteristics are even more pronounced. Everything here is just precisely what a poor boy of delicate tastes might have brought to the studio that he shared with Mr Hunt, and the picture is all the more sincere in that it represents a scene that really took place indoors. Mr Hunt calls the picture Overbeckian : the epithet is hardly worth repeating save that,



J. E. MILLAIS
EARLY SKETCH FOR LORENZO AND ISABELLA

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

in characterising a picture it is so very convenient to say what a picture is not. Overbeck, very precisely, would not have thus rendered the scene. The touches of realism, the very folds of the gowns, clothing the Virgin, St Anne, and the tiny angel would have been absent, and what modelling there is in the faces would have been absent altogether. Overbeck could paint—and, if he painted all flesh as a flat surface, it was because he chose so to do. Rossetti was incapable of giving to his forms more relief. But he did do his best. He borrowed his sister's dresses and painted them; he borrowed a child's night-gown and painted *that* on a small lay-figure; he borrowed big books from his father and window curtains from the house in Charlotte Street. Such oddness of aspect as the picture has arose simply from a want of skill. Each object in the picture, it must be remembered, he was painting for the very first time, and for the very first time he was arranging any composition at all. In Mr Hunt's picture there is even a certain deference paid to the ruling canons and conventions. The principal figure is in a strong light; it is emphasised

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

with heavy masses of arbitrary shadows; there is practically no skill preserving an illusion of the scenes taking place in the open air. But *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin*, such as it is, is an absolutely simple and unconventional attempt at rendering what a boy saw.

None of the three pictures has any very great actual value as a work of art. The Millais' is certainly the most striking as a painting, Rossetti's as a poetic conception; but as milestones on the long road of the history of Art they deserve such tender regard as is paid—to milestones. They form, if not pillars of Hercules, at least a Griffin, and passing them we enter, for good and all, the city that is the modern art that we admire or deplore. And it is perhaps significant that the very month that saw the publication of Mr Hunt's *opus classicum*, the tabulation and glorification of Pre-Raphaelism, saw also the publication of an *édition définitive* of Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Discourses." Here once more after a lapse of some fifty years in which the canvas of Pre-Raphaelism, the apotheosis of character, has remained unchallenged and has seemed unchallengeable, the great protagonist of the

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Typical lifts up once more his voice and is saluted by the most modern of the moderns. For, as was inevitable, the weariness engendered by the individual struggling to which Pre-Raphaelism and its successors, Impressionism and all the rest, have condemned the world of painters and critics, has borne its own fruit, and once more we are almost ready to set out in the search for a Formula, we are ready to examine with a sympathetic respect an almost forgotten creed.

V

THE year 1849 saw the Brotherhood full of activity and of life. The *Lorenzo and Isabella* and the *Rienzi* were exhibited at the Royal Academy, *The Girlhood of Mary Virgin* at the Free Exhibition. They attracted no public attention at all, though by a diligent searching in old magazines and scrap-books the various chroniclers of the various Brothers have got together a few quite unimportant paragraphs of commendation and advice from various periodicals. The "Athenæum" commended the "invention" of the *Girlhood*; it even commended the "Florentine monastic painters," and distinguished itself by a very fair piece of criticism. It commended too the *Lorenzo* and the *Rienzi*, though with a certain dismal premonition of the consequences it deprecated a recurrence to the expression of a time when art was in a state of transitional accomplishment rather than of progression, and remarked

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

that to attempt to engraft the genius of foreign nations upon our own is a most dangerous experiment. But, in so far as the lay press was concerned, the pictures might never have been painted in a revolutionary manner.

To remedy this inattention to their aims the Pre-Raphaelites set to work to paint new pictures, to formulate new doctrines, and finally to produce an organ of their own. This last was to come into being in the latest months of 1849. It was intended to contain, along with poems and stories, Pre-Raphaelite in "technique," a full pronouncement of the faith of the Brotherhood, and many etchings, Pre-Raphaelite in manner. Thus the later months of the year saw a number of pens very active. I shall return later to the actual contents of the "Germ," but it is convenient here to mention at least two "features," one a poem that was intended for that periodical—that was intended, but did not then make its appearance. This was Mr William Rossetti's blank verse poem, "Mrs Holmes Grey." It proves very fully that already in July 1849 when it was commenced, if not before, the

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Pre-Raphaelites intended to pay as much attention to modern life as to early stories.

"The informing idea of the poem was to apply to verse-writing the same principles of strict actuality and probability of detail which the Pre-Raphaelites upheld in their pictures. . . . The subject is a conversation about the death of a lady, a surgeon's wife, who had died suddenly in the house of another medical man for whom she had conceived a vehement and unreciprocated passion; and a newspaper report of the coroner's inquest occupies a large space in the composition"! ¹

Nothing in fact could have been more modern, and except for the fact that nowadays we have shaken off the superstition or the divine faith of blank verse, "Mrs Holmes Grey" might be rewritten to-morrow. Or it might be more just to say that it might have been written yesterday, since to-morrow no doubt will see the reaction from all these things. And even the blank verse of the poem was not particularly archaic, for in its original state it contained such phrases as "fish flapping

¹ D. G. Rossetti's "Family Letters and Memoir," ii. p. 63.

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

about," "divided into oblongs," "extraordinary disclosures," or "the worthy coroner." Thus it would seem that on its literary side the Brotherhood forestalled its painters in treating of the life actually around it. And it must be remembered that D. G. Rossetti had already written the first part of his "Jenny," which, since it treated of the life of a woman of the streets, was even more modern in tendency than was "Mrs Holmes Grey."

"Mrs Holmes Grey" was indeed judged to be too modern to appear even in the "Germ," and was not published until many years later. A similar fate overtook another essay in blank verse intended for the same organ. This was the journal of a tour made by Messrs Hunt and D. G. Rossetti in France and Belgium. Not content with working and with propagandising, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was in fact actually sending its spies into strange countries—and the journal was to have embodied their report on the arts of the present and of the past there to be seen. The Journal was duly written, but that too never appeared in the "Germ" since it was judged to contain too many details personal to the Brotherhood. It contained

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

indeed very few details of the masterpieces, since, as Rossetti expresses it, these two heralds of the New were able to dismiss whole Louvres with one word—"slosh." They employed as a rule two words, "filthy slosh," for the works of all painters from Rembrandt to Rubens. But they had, of course, huge words of praise for the Primitives in the Louvre, and a new world opened before their eyes with the works of Van Eyck and the early Flemings. They spoke kindly of Delaroche—but the real master of all, for young Hunt and Rossetti, was Hippolyte Flandrin, and words of ecstasy failed to express their admiration for—Ary Scheffer!

Delaroche indeed remains for Mr Hunt the one modern foreign painter, and he seems to retain still the fear of the "Athenæum" of 1844—the conviction that "an attempt to engraft the genius of foreign nations upon our own is a most dangerous experiment."

In the beginning, however, the Pre-Raphaelites were not so severely Protectionist, and their list of Immortals as originally drawn up contained a quite considerable proportion of foreigners. Mr Hunt has removed a great

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

deal of its virility and interest by deleting the names of several contemporary objects of adoration. It contained, originally, the names of Scheffer himself, of Mr Martin Tupper, and, I think, of Eugène Sue. But, even as it is, it is an amusing and typical document, and I take the liberty of transcribing it from Mr Hunt's book.

"We, the undersigned, declare that the following list of Immortals constitute the whole of our Creed, and that there exists no other immortality than what is centred in these names and in the names of their contemporaries in whom this list is reflected :—

Jesus Christ.****	Raphael.*
The Author of Job.***	Michael Angelo.
Isaiah.	Early English Ballad-
Homer.**	ists.
Phidias.	Giovanni Bellini.
Early Gothic Archi-	Giorgioni.
tects.	Titian.
Cavalier Pugliesi.	Tintoretto.
Dante.**	Poussin.
Boccaccio.**	Alfred.**
Rienzi.	Shakespeare.***

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Ghiberti.	Milton.
Chaucer.**	Cromwell.
Fra Angelico.*	Hampden.
Leonardo da Vinci.**	Bacon.
Spenser.	Newton.
Hogarth.	Landor.**
Flaxman.	Thackeray.**
Hilton.	Poe.
Goethe.**	Hood.
Kosciusko.	Longfellow.*
Byron.	Emerson.
Wordsworth.	Washington.**
Keats.**	Leigh Hunt.
Shelley.**	The Author of "Stories after Nature."
Haydon.	Wilkie.
Cervantes	Columbus.
Joan of Arc.	Browning.**
Mrs Browning.*	Tennyson.* "
Coventry Patmore.*	

The document of course gains most of its interest from the fact that it shows us just who were the objects of the young men's adoration and, upon the whole, it is valuable as forecasting the objects of adoration of the rest of the world during the next fifty years. It is,

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

naturally, mildly funny in some of its inclusions—it is precisely “funny” to see Mrs Browning preferred to Joan of Arc or Tennyson to Isaiah. But the early enthusiasms of men are, as it were, a first draft of the manuscripts of their lives. They may alter it subsequently, they will not very much change its character—and perhaps Mrs Browning did really more influence the fifty years that followed 1847 than did Joan of Arc, or Alfred Tennyson than Isaiah.

So equipped, then, with these enthusiasms and these abilities, the seven young men set about the publication of the “Germ.” To do that, however, they must needs call in outside aid; Coventry Patmore wrote for them: Madox Brown, both etched and wrote; Christina Rossetti helped them with verses—and the “Germ” died. It contained little that can be said to have “survived”; its attractiveness and its interest are much more in its “atmosphere,” in its “tone,” than in anything actually printed between its covers. But it sufficed to call the attention of the outside world to the existence of a dangerous league of subversionists. The pictures that Hunt and

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Millais had exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1849 were commended, or mildly deprecated, on account of quaintnesses. But, by 1850, the quaintnesses were seen to be part of dangerous doctrines of Anarchism and the storm broke. For the outside world, Pre-Raphaelism had begun to exist.

To us for whom it has been dead so long it is difficult enough to see how anything so mild, so charming, and so ingenuous could have excited anger so fierce. But I think I have shown that the Brotherhood attacked an accepted idea, and to do that has always been to show oneself an enemy of the people. There are, it is true, persons to-day who will refuse to look at a religious picture which includes a representation of Christ or of the Virgin. It may savour of Popery or of idolatry. That, of course, is an ideal like another. Equally, it is possible to insist that a representation of a sacred personage shall be tender, or aloof. And these objections may very fittingly be alleged against Millais' *Christ in the House of His Parents*. Here, in fact, was the Saviour brought down to the lowest of human levels—to the level of craving human pity and assistance.

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

And it is interesting to remember that even Millais, in the full flush of his iconoclasm, made an alteration in the incidence of the dramatic side of his picture. At first it showed the Child kissing His mother—but, before it was exhibited, the entreaties of his friends, his parents, his cousins, and his admirers, changed this episode, so that now we see the mother kissing her Son. Thus no adoration was offered to the Virgin. But considerable as was this concession, it was not enough. If the picture escaped the charge of Papistry, it incurred the one, less heinous but still horrible, of blasphemy. For here was the Saviour shown, not as a deity, but as a little child.

It is difficult to escape thus mentioning the objections to the subject of the picture, though, in a consideration that is mainly æsthetic, the subject itself is a matter of only the smallest importance. But the critics of the day mingled so skilfully or so carelessly their abuse of story and of treatment, that it is difficult nowadays to disentangle the one from the other. And, indeed, by this date the attack was legitimate enough, since the Pre-Raphaelites, by turning their attention

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

from the exclusive consideration of treatment, had definitely challenged a censure of their "stories."

For already they had pronounced the doctrine that a picture must enshrine some worthy idea. It was not sufficient that it should be well painted. Thus quickly had they reverted to one at least of the doctrines of the Grand Style, and set themselves back, as it were, to the days before Gainsborough existed. They had, in fact, missed thus early the road along which modern art was travelling. It was, I think, Monet who said : " The principal person in a picture is the light " : the Pre-Raphaelites had by 1849 arrived at the conclusion that the principal person in a picture was the Incident pointing a moral. (I am, by the way, not revealing a preference but stating a fact.) Millais had sought out an Incident in the life of the Founder of Christianity : Mr Hunt one in the History of Christianity. It was, curiously enough, Rossetti who chose the least literary of all subjects for his picture of 1849. And, in a sense, it was Rossetti who, all through the movement, and even all through his life, was the painter most

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

open to the poetry of the mere usual effects of nature. It is true that, even when he came to the stage of painting mere women, he took the trouble to paint along with them some sort of emblem, and to add to the picture some sort of title more or less literary—but this tribute that he paid to the Idea was of the slightest. Mr Hunt, it is true, is perhaps a less “literary” painter than he imagines himself, or than he claims to be. For such a work as his very glorious *Strayed Sheep*, if it be Biblical in title, is really nothing more than a very perfect rendering of the actual—a rendering infinitely poetic because it is so very true to nature.

Mr Hunt, of course, proclaims very loudly that he can see no beauty in modern art outside his own particular groove ; but one suspects that his psychology is actually more complex than he would have us believe. One suspects, in fact, that he can really see the beauties of, say, M. Pissaro's *Boulevard Montmartre*, or even of Claude Monet's *Eglise de Vernon* ; and that, wilfully, he proclaims himself blind to these beauties in order to cry up his own particular ideal, nation, or creed.

I introduce here the names of those French

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Impressionists who towards 1871 began to supersede the English Pre-Raphaelists, because nothing in Art is so instructive as a comparison of things dissimilar. But, in spirit at least, the practice of the Impressionists was very little dissimilar to the practice of Mr Hunt—and Mr Hunt *is* Pre-Raphaelism. I forget which of the Impressionists it was (Renoir perhaps, or Monet, it matters very little since the spirit of all was identical) who said: "Every time that I commence a new picture I plunge into a river and commence to learn to swim." And Mr Hunt himself might have written those noble and optimistic words. The actual "technique," the method of the painting matters very little in face of this adventurous spirit, and it may find expression in the "orchestra of splashes" of the later Impressionists as fitly as in the careful and prismatic enamels of Mr Hunt's later work.

Of Mr Hunt, indeed, we may say that his superstition that the moral idea is necessary to a rendering of life has very little harmed his work—but it was the death of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Actually it matters



J. E. MILLAIS
EARLY STUDY FOR 'THE DELUGE'
(British Museum)

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

little whether you paint a scene from the Old Testament or the interior of an absinthe shop, so long as you paint it with sincerity. But the danger of the Literary Ideal to weaker humanists such as Millais and Rossetti is precisely that in the desire to enhance their moral effect they will falsify their renderings of nature. They will seek to introduce the merely pretty or the obviously sentimental ; they will search after theatrical effects of light ; or in attempting to get the last drops of story out of their anecdote they will drag in so many accessories as to crowd their canvases, worry the eye, and so spoil their pictures from the point of view of every satisfying art.

This is actually what happened to Millais when he painted his *Christ in the House of His Parents*, and it happened, though in less degree, to Mr Hunt in his *Missionary escaping from Druids*." From the point of view of mere painting, Millais' picture is extraordinarily able ; Mr Hunt's is eminently less so. And in the *Christ, etc.*, Millais painted a work exactly satisfying the Pre-Raphaelite canon ; he followed too the most rigid rules as to how the picture should be produced. The shop was painted

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

from a real shop, the carpenter from a real carpenter. No sheep were actually procurable, but a sheep's head was, and so, it is interesting to observe, the sheep in the picture all show only their heads. Millais' other picture of the year, *Ferdinand lured by Ariel*, was in like manner painted very carefully and from actual models. Mr F. G. Stephens has recorded how he sat for the head of Ferdinand, and how, at the end of a long and motionless day, he was so stiff as to be unable to move. A similar and even more dismal anecdote of Millais' remorselessness towards his models is the case of Miss Siddall who, sitting for the *Ophelia* of 1852, lay for long in a bath of water. On the last day of this ordeal the painter was so intent upon his work that he forgot to fill the lamps that kept the water warm. The result was that chill to the system and rheumatic prostration which eventually contributed to kill a very beautiful and gifted woman.

A flame of sacred absorption so intense is of course very creditable to an artist, and the anecdotes are worth recording as proving the spirit with which in those days Millais attacked his work. If we have no companion anecdote



J. E. MILLAIS
STUDY FOR THE GOOD SAMARITAN
(British Museum)

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

of Mr Hunt, we have no need to doubt his absorption, which is evident in every line of his pictures. There is, for instance, no possibility of doubting the sincerity of execution of his *Missionary escaping from Druids*. If in places it is what Mr Hunt would call "Overbeckian," it is, in all the tortured attitudes of the nude figures, wonderfully sincere and "observed." Mr Hunt, in going about the world, must have seen people taking just these attitudes and, when he had his models in his studio, he must have constrained them to put themselves into those very poses and he must have painted them just as he saw them.

Rossetti's *Ecce Ancilla Domini* is, as I have said, much less of a "subject picture" than either the *Early Christian* or the *Christ in the House of His Parents*. It is much more a picture of a mood—a picture *in* a mood. Perhaps for that reason it is more satisfying as a picture—but, for the same reason, it can hardly be called Pre-Raphaelite. In a sense, too, Millais' *Ferdinand*, with its single figure under the influence of a strong emotion, is a picture of a mood—and for the same reason it is more satisfying, simply because it is less of an anecdote.

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

dote. Beautifully painted, vivid, and as hard as stone, it shows us just a man tortured by vague hauntings. It is only as if by accident that it is a picture of the Ferdinand of the "Tempest."

VI

1850

By Exhibition-time of 1850, the secret of the existence and the meaning of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was well out in the land.

"Their ambition is an unhealthy thirst which seeks notoriety by means of mere conceit. Abruptness, singularity, uncouthness, are the counters by which they play the game. Their tricks to defy the principles of beauty and the recognised axioms of taste. . . . The disgusting incidents of unwashed bodies were not (in the early masters) presented in loathsome reality, and flesh with its accidents of putridity was not made the affected medium of religious sentiment in tasteless revelations. . . . In point of religious sentiment Rossetti stands the chief of the little band. Mr Hunt stands next. . . . Mr Millais, in his picture

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

without a name which represents a Holy Family in the interior of a carpenter's shop, has been most successful in giving the least dignified features of his presentment, and in giving to the higher forms, characters, and meanings a circumstantial Art Language from which we recoil with loathing and disgust. There are many to whom his work will seem a pictorial blasphemy. . . ."

So wrote the critic of the chief organ of æsthetic opinion of May 1850. And, upon the whole, there is very little need to be astonished at his strictures, since actually the paintings were—and indeed they remain—so many challenges to the official-minded, or the weary in intelligence. It was in this year that Dickens made his attack upon Millais.

"In the foreground of the carpenter's shop is a hideous, wry-necked, blubbering, red-haired boy in a nightgown, who appears to have received a poke in the hand from the stick of another boy with whom he had been playing in an adjacent gutter, and to be holding it up for the contemplation of a kneeling woman so horrible in her ugliness that



J. E. MILLAIS
STUDY FOR THE GOOD SAMARITAN
(British Museum)

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

(supposing it were possible for a human creature to exist for a moment with that dislocated throat) she would stand out from the rest of the company as a monster in the vilest cabaret in France, or the lowest gin-shop in England."

Mr Hunt, from whose autobiography I quote the two extracts above, gives us the most vivid pictures of the discouragement into which he and his brethren were thrown by these attacks. If we can scarcely believe in the conversations that he reports as having passed between himself and the parents of Millais, we may see from the facts he states, how desperate was his own plight and how gallant was the struggle that he made. Nothing, indeed, could be more affecting than the thought of the things that this poor, brave youth had to endure! We have to think of him as a boy, nearly penniless, in an environment of the utmost gloom. For I must confess that to me nothing is so surprising as that the gem-like pictures of the Pre-Raphaelites should have had their spiritual birth in that dingy and terrible quarter of London that is still to be found around Fitzroy Square. It was a birth

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

of light into a tenebrous darkness: a brave struggle upwards from what depths!

He copied pictures, he sold small sketches—and at last he was given by Dyce the “job” of washing the frescoes by Rigaud (!) in the Trinity House, of using scrubbing-brush and flannel upon imitation bas-reliefs. And having washed the pictures, he was permitted to restore them. “I stood on a springy plank; daubing away at (Father Thames) with large brushes.” He gave him a new suit of paint from top to toe; he rescued a bale of goods, a globe, a pair of compasses, three or four volumes—“a triton or two, perhaps a Mercury with his caduceus, and a mermaid and merman. . . .” And if, as Mr Hunt puts it, anything that to-day he writes “should be looked upon as a mark of egotism, let me declare that such self-confidence was necessary at the time, and that the stormy wind sent to blow away my cloak was not at all calculated to make me leave it behind for life.”

The struggle for the rest of the Pre-Raphaelites was not less severe. Mr F. G. Stephens was employed with Mr Hunt to paint upon the Rigaud wall-paintings; Millais



J. E. MILLAIS
SHEET OF STUDIES

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

produced pot-boilers ; Rossetti commenced a picture from one of Browning's poems, and then abandoned it in favour of making small water-colour sketches ; William Rossetti was in the Inland Revenue Office, having given up for good all idea of a more than literary Pre-Raphaelite career. Collinson, indeed, continued to paint, but Woolner, having competed in vain for a commission to execute a Wordsworth memorial, abandoned for the time all idea of becoming a sculptor, and set sail for the gold-diggings in Australia. His group of statuary designed for the Wordsworth competition was broken up before he sailed, but two separate groups of two figures each happen to remain in my possession. They show a father instructing his son, and a mother her daughter. If in a sense they are Wordsworthian and commonplace, they have nevertheless a certain charm of a timid kind, they embody, according to Pre-Raphaelite ideals, an ennobling moral idea, and they are really modelled from nature.

His was the first defection from the Seven. The "Germ," the Pre-Raphaelite organ, struggled through a few numbers, was unable to

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

appear at its proper date, and finally ceased to appear at all. It had practically no readers, and the Pre-Raphaelites and their friends were hardly able to keep it supplied with material sufficient to fill its pages. In the meantime, Millais was painting the *Woodman's Daughter*, adhering still to Pre-Raphaelite ideals, so that when he came to paint the child's feet, he actually purchased the very shoes that had been worn by his model in the country, and painted them in his London studio. Here again we have a very finely painted picture, and very carefully "observed" attitudes of children; and here we have a certain altruistic note supplying the requisite moral idea. And here, for the first time in the annals of Pre-Raphaelism, do we find the subject set in modern times. But the "note" is not aggressively modern yet, and the background of shorn woodland, of tree tops and bracken, is in spirit Elizabethan enough.

Late in the year too, a purchaser was found bold enough to saddle himself with Mr Hunt's *Missionary* picture. Fortified by a generous sum of money, the painter could abandon hesitations, the restoring of frescoes, and all the

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

other terrors of the penniless. He set to work upon a picture that is one of the masterpieces of Pre-Raphaelism—a picture that must remain one of the masterpieces of English narrative painting—the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

We see in these two works—*The Woodman's Daughter* and the *Two Gentlemen*—how the painter untrammelled by stylism could, as it were, at a bound, set himself ahead of a competitor hampered by all the weight of traditions imbibed in early youth. For the figures in the *Woodman's Daughter* are stiff and angular in comparison with Mr Hunt's. It is as if the painter, shaking off with difficulty the lessons of Etty, striving with difficulty to observe for himself, had lost all his facility and all his sweep of line. Mr Hunt, on the other hand, never seems to have attained to any great ease of expression—but such a measure of ease as was ever his is already there in this picture of 1850. It seemed indeed to take Millais many years to return to any feeling of consummate mastery, and such details as the odd and distracted right hand of the man in the *Huguenots* are all part of a sort of beginner's nervousness. It had passed nearly away, to

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

all intents and purposes, by the time that Millais could paint works as wonderful as the *Blind Girl*. There indeed an earnest, an even avid desire for truth of observation is supplemented by a very exquisite knowledge of how to render with the brush. But it had passed away—this ingenuous and wonderful quality of nervousness—all too woefully and for good in a very few years after the painting of the *Blind Girl*—and with it went the desire to observe which so distinguished Millais during the years whilst Mr Hunt's—or the Pre-Raphaelites'—faculty of inspiring earnestness still influenced the painter of the *Woodman's Daughter*.

The *Two Gentlemen of Verona* gains perhaps in feeling of ease and of freedom from restraint from the very fact that Mr Hunt was hurried towards its completion. It was very late in the year before it could be begun. Leaves were already turning on the trees when Mr Hunt was able to leave town to do his painting in the open air. A constant succession of days was lost through the machinations of a certain swindler called Warwick, whose methods of sponging Mr Hunt narrates



J. E. MILLAIS
STUDY OF FEMALE HEAD
(British Museum)

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

amusingly in his memoirs, and all these things contributed to the fact that Mr Hunt was forced to finish his canvas in frantic haste. It did just squeeze into the portals of the Royal Academy on the night of Sending In.

It is true that certain details of the picture were repainted after the picture's return from the Exhibition, but these were not sufficient to give to the whole presentation that note of worrying over-elaboration that distinguishes so much of Mr Hunt's work.

And there—at Birmingham—the picture is. I am perhaps weak in yielding to the temptation to call it the fine flower of Pre-Raphaelism. But with its simplicity, its directness, its sincere painting, its naïve and legendary quality of presentation, its fresh and vivid hues, and its noble attitudes of surrender, it has a quality of charm and of youth that very few paintings have. In a sense it is not "dramatic"; it does not tell the story of Proteus and the others; one cannot, that is to say, gather the narrative from the painting. But it shows us some very real people come together in a green youth of the world, doing something that does not much matter to us.

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

And so the Presentation triumphs over the Incident, and an added charm in the picture gives us a pleasure more aloof than is to be had from any mere illustration.

It is with these pictures—the *Woodman's Daughter* and the *Two Gentlemen* that Messrs Hunt and Millais began to attain to a brilliancy of coloration that renders their work vivid and disturbing, not only relatively but in a very positive degree. Such paintings as the *Christ in the House of his Parents* or the *Missionary* had been bright enough to disturb the critics and the painters of 1850. The *Woodman's Daughter* and the *Two Gentlemen* are bright enough to disturb the somewhat tender eyes of the town-dwellers that to-day we have become. That this is the defect rather of our eyes than of the Pre-Raphaelite painter I shall try to point out later on. For the moment it is sufficient to observe that it was with these pictures that Messrs Hunt and Millais began really to put into practice their formula of painting upon a wet white ground.

Already in 1847 Madox Brown had painted his *Modern Holbein* upon a pure white canvas, and his comparatively timid *Chaucer* and



CHARLES COLLINS
STUDIES FOR PICTURE
(British Museum)

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Wicliffe were also painted upon non-bituminous grounds. But in painting upon wet white, Hunt and Millais were easily first, and Mr Hunt claims that with that discovery they had surprised the secret of the early and great painters. Perhaps they had—but it is certain that with the aid of this discovery they contrived to turn out works of an astonishing brilliancy. I transcribe Mr Hunt's account of his process, which is interesting for its own sake.

“The process may be described thus : Select a prepared ground originally for its brightness, and renovate it, if necessary, with fresh white when first it comes into the studio, the white to be mixed with a very little amber or copal varnish. Let this last coat become of a stone-like hardness. Upon this surface complete with exactness the outline of the part in hand. On the morning of the painting, with fresh white (from which all superfluous oil has been extracted by means of absorbent paper and to which again a small drop of varnish has been added) spread a further coat very evenly with a palette knife over the part for the day's work, of such consistency that the drawing should

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

show through. In some cases the thickened white may be applied to the forms needing brilliancy with a brush by the aid of rectified spirits. Over this wet ground the colour (transparent and semi-transparent) should be laid with light sable brushes, and the touches must be made so tenderly that the ground below shall not be worked up, yet so far enticed to blend with the superimposed tints as to correct the qualities of trimness and staininess which, over a dry ground, transparent colours used would inevitably exhibit. Painting of this kind cannot be retouched except with an entire loss of luminosity. Millais proposed that we should keep this as a precious secret to ourselves."

Mr Hunt, however, was more generous than, as he alleges, Millais would have wished to render him, for in 1851 he narrated this secret to Madox Brown, and there can be little doubt that Madox Brown's paintings did gain very much in luminosity and brightness of colour immediately after 1851.

I do not know to what extent the paintings of the early masters were given their splendid life by an employment of a wet white ground—

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

there is very little to convince one of the fact. But the unfinished paintings of Turner do give one some cause to believe that at times and in places he employed wet flake-white as a basis for his more brilliant passages. At any rate here were the Pre-Raphaelites provided with a "secret"—a secret of the early masters, even as had been the case with the author of the "Notes to du Fresney." And, as is often enough the case when such a secret is proper to the individuality of an artist, this practice was very helpful to the Pre-Raphaelites. It did undoubtedly give to their works a brilliance that is perhaps the most valuable quality that they possess for us of to-day. Nowadays, indeed, we have swung the pendulum so far back—or so far in another direction—that accredited painters and critics approach the works of their favourite masters solely with the idea of discovering symphonic effects in black. So that no doubt when the ultimate annals of painting of the present day come to be written, we shall mourn that the two or three great artists of the early twentieth century "got their effects" by a liberal top-dressing of powdered charcoal—the

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

thing most nearly opposite to a wet white ground.

But the important point is that towards 1850-1 the Pre-Raphaelites had already codified their doctrines and evolved secrets. In the one case we have the pronouncement that every picture must enshrine—the word is the exact word—a worthy idea ; in the other, that all the passages of high lights must be painted on the wet white ground. And already, as is inevitably the case when codification has taken place, the Brotherhood was breaking up. Woolner was about to depart for Australia, Collinson was already meditating his demission in order to enter a monastery, and Rossetti was upon the point of abandoning his picture for the year 1856. This was the design for *Hist*, said Kate the Queen.

VI

1851

ROSSETTI, indeed, had no picture for exhibition in 1851, and, during the years from 1850 to 1853 when the Brotherhood finally dissolved, he produced no large picture at all. His quite charming little water-colour designs, like the *Saluto de Beatrice*, or the *Dante drawing an Angel from the memory of Beatrice*, prove that he was steeping himself in Dantesque literature far more than attempting to produce large canvases. He was, too, writing a great deal of verse of his own. So that when, in 1853, he once more announced his intention of abandoning verse and devoting himself entirely to his other art, he had already passed from under the influence of Mr Hunt, and was beginning in fact to find himself. And though we may regard the design for *Found* as being directly inspired by Pre-Raphaelite ideals,

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

and, as far as execution was concerned, as nearer to the Pre-Raphaelite mould, that design, like the one for *Hist, said Kate the Queen*, was never completed. With the painting of the *Annunciation*, in fact, Rossetti closed his finished contributions to the tale of Pre-Raphaelite pictures. With the *Girlhood of Mary Virgin* that short tale had been commenced, and thus it will be seen that Rossetti's practical contributions to actual Pre-Raphaelism were meagre in the extreme. His water-colour drawings have a great many qualities of charm that still endures. But if the *Dante* and the *Saluto de Beatrice* have some of the slightly cold naturalism that we set down to Pre-Raphaelite influences, the *Laboratory* and the *Borgia* of 1851 have already that imaginative aloofness from the actual, that atmosphere of fairy-tale and mediævalism that distinguished Rossetti from all his contemporaries.

In any case, in 1851, it was Millais and Mr Hunt who had to bear the full brunt of the journalistic and public odium that was cast upon the pictures of the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers. They remained, their pictures, fair game. At the Royal Academy Exhibition, Mr

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Hunt showed the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and Millais *The Woodman's Daughter*, as well as two less ambitious works, *Mariana, or the Moated Grange* and the *Return of the Dove to the Ark*.

All the expressions of loathing of the year before were repeated and emphasised in the Press. Only one had the wisdom to see that the effectual method of dealing with novelties was to ignore them. "Of the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren," proclaimed the "Athenæum," "little need now be said, since what has already been said was said in vain." Accordingly the vagaries of Messrs Hunt and Millais were dismissed with six contemptuous lines. The other papers, however, contained column upon column of abuse, and returned again and again to the charge with words like "offensive and absurd productions," "puerility," "uppishness," "oddity," or "morbid infatuation."

The "Spectator," however, threw open its columns to Mr William Rossetti, who dangerously defended his assailed Brothers of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. And then in June appeared the two famous letters of the "Oxford Graduate" to the "Times." Finicking and hypercritical as the criticism of detail in

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

these pronouncements must appear to us, too much can hardly be said of their service to the Pre-Raphaelite cause. Ruskin was in these days almost a dictator of Taste to the thinking portion of the nation, and the general tone of the letters was one of chivalrous and whole-hearted appreciation. All his profusion of phrase—in which indeed it was as if he too employed a wet white ground—all his fine and unbalanced rhetoric were brought into play to cause in distant parts of the Kingdom a great revulsion of feeling towards very ill-used iconoclasts. He did indeed strike the true note as far as the great public was concerned.

Nevertheless he came almost too late. It was no purchaser inspired by him that saved for us Mr Hunt as a painter—though, actually, two years later it was Ruskin himself who with his purse enabled Rossetti to continue painting. But by the late summer of 1851 Mr Hunt had decided to lay down his brush—to lay down his brush for ever and become a sheep farmer in Australia. He was penniless; his picture had returned unsold from the exhibition; he had no wherewithal to tide him over into a haven of refuge, and in no horizon did

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

any haven appear into which he could be tided.

At this disastrous point it was Millais and his parents who came to the rescue. Millais had made a little money, and this money he gave to his Brother that he might make one more attempt. The one more attempt was that very wonderful work, the *Hireling Shepherd*. If, indeed, we had nothing else to thank Millais for, we might well be prodigal in gratitude to him for having saved from nothingness this bright jewel—for the *Hireling Shepherd* is nothing less.

In the annals of Art there are many touching records of friendships, of beliefs in the powers of a friend of enthusiastic "backings," of fine encouragements, but there are few pages more pleasant to read than the accounts of the days that these two painters, young, full of enthusiasms and of friendship, in a pleasant summer weather, along the banks of a sunny streamlet--the accounts of days spent in the search for backgrounds for the *Ophelia*, and the nights spent in discussions of all sorts of subjects, from the methods of "putting a picture together" to those of

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

justification by faith. Painting, then, near Surbiton, they had many pleasant visitors, from Charles Collins and the Rossettis, to Madox Brown and the Doyles of "Punch." It was through these last that eventually they became acquainted with Thackeray, and gradually they evolved a society each for himself of pleasant notabilities, of men of talent and of genius. So that, little by little, the character of a solitary began to fall away even from Mr Hunt, hitherto the most secluded of all the Pre-Raphaelites. And the aspect of the movement gradually changed. If a Rev. Mr Young was still to be found to write pamphlets accusing their works of blasphemy, Ruskin himself threw off his cloak of pseudonymity and answered pamphlet with pamphlet. And then in August it was revealed that—in a far part of the Kingdom—there was even a body of painters ready to support the assailed artists with voice and with hand.

A letter, in fact, came to Mr Hunt, painting in the fields: it announced that the Liverpool Academy had conferred its prize of fifty pounds upon the picture of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Here, then, was recognition. And



HOLMAN HUNT
CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE
(From an engraving)

1
2
3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

the recognition came from the very heart of a district that for many subsequent years was the great picture-buying region of the world. For the Millers, the Plints, the Leatharts, the Leylands, and the Roses, with all their friends and dependants, formed a body of merchant princes that, as envoys of the Arts, has not been much surpassed even in the golden days of Italy herself—and the Art lover's idea of the black countries of forges and shuttles is as it were brightened and lightened by the thought of houses filled with very brilliant paintings, of galleries whose walls scintillate and blaze with lights captured from those forgotten Surrey fields.

It is true that the richer of these buyers only very lately sought out the works of Mr Hunt himself. At first he was approached by men of such moderate means that they could only pawn to him their incomes in return for pictures, but from that time forward he was never very cruelly hampered. He could make his pleasant jaunts about England, paint on the verge of cliffs that had for background the blue sea. And, indeed, eventually he could journey several times to Palestine, and paint

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

there in his beloved open air, beneath very much brighter skies, where colours were still more brilliant, still more bewildering, and still more hard.

It is indeed pleasant to think of these London painters emerging from their gloomy surroundings. They chased, as it were, all the year round, over the bright valleys of the earth, their ideals of luminosity; from the back-cloth of bright earth and bright sky they cut out, as if with sharp knives, square panels of eternal paint. They gave to material phases of Nature a relative permanency, a comparative immortal life.

Pre-Raphaelism was, as I said in my opening words, a return to Nature, in that it led the Arts and followed the tide of humanity in England. And, in so far as it was possible as it were to nail Nature down—to record her most permanent parts—these Pre-Raphaelites succeeded very miraculously in rendering a very charming, a very tranquil, and a very secure England.

They never convey to us, as do the Impressionists, or as did the earlier English landscape painters, the sense of fleeting light and

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

shadow. Looking at Millais' nearly perfect *Blind Girl*, or at Mr Hunt's nearly perfect *Hireling Shepherd*, one is impelled to think, "How lasting all this is!" One is, as it were, in the mood in which each minute seems an eternity. Nature is grasped and held with an iron hand. There is not in any of the landscapes that delicious and delicate sense of swift change, that poetry of varying moods, of varying lights, of varying shadows that gives to certain moods and certain aspects of the earth a rare and tender pathos.

VII

1852-3

At the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1852, Millais was represented by *Ophelia* and the *Huguenot*, Mr Hunt by the *Hireling Shepherd*. Opposition to Pre-Raphaelism had not, of course, died away, but the movement had secured so full a measure of support already that it could, as the saying is, "take care of itself." It was an accepted type of painting. And it was a type so dangerous to the Academic type, its pictures glowed so in the large room, they held the eye so when they had attracted the attention, that there was perforce a panic amongst the other men. Painter after painter threw away, as it were, his old time-worn canvases, and tried to see in vivid colours.'

The fact indeed} revealed itself that the public was really tired of the older methods—the public that had strained and wearied itself

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

in the effort to live up to a sublime style. Pre-Raphaelism—or rather the imitators of the Pre-Raphaelite painters—triumphed so soon and so easily because, in essentials, they brought Art much nearer the ground. They made of it less of an acquired taste. It was no doubt precisely because the taste for the other work was so much of an acquired taste that the older generation of connoisseurs intensely resented the Pre-Raphaelite attack. When, for the greater part of your life, you have been drilling yourself into a taste for things not naturally interesting or pleasing, you will very reasonably resent being told that something much easier of appreciation is the real thing of its kind. But the superior attractiveness of comparatively natural work became so self-evident, once work of that kind was to be seen, that the struggle was a very short one. Millais had only to prove that a pleasant and commonplace anecdote could be told in paint of a pleasing coloration and the immense public was won, and along with the immense public went in due course the dealers, the cognoscenti, and Academic painters themselves.

It is true that in later years the Academicians,

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

disliking the high standard of painting that Millais gave to his most commonplace ideas, drew, as the saying is, a red herring across his trail by setting forward the late Lord Leighton, a painter infinitely more commonplace in idea and infinitely lower as a worker with the brush. And it is as true as it is lamentable, that Millais more or less consciously lowered his own standard of painting in order to be able to compete with painters of the Leighton type. That, however, was a gradual process of the later years, and I am, happily, only concerned with the good times of the "P.R.B."

These were rapidly running their course. A pretty constant and pretty close standard of intimacy had hitherto subsisted between the five remaining members of the Brotherhood. As painters, of course, Hunt and Millais had withdrawn themselves into a region of real Pre-Raphaelism; Rossetti was attaining gradually, in his small water-colours, to a region of quaint and very charming mediæval legend and fairy-tale. Collinson had retired to a monastery; Woolner was in Australia; Mr Stephens had given up all idea of painting;



F. SANDYS

CARICATURE OF MILLAIS' SIR ISOMBRAS AT THE FORD

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

Mr William Rossetti was reduced absolutely to the status of a writer, however Pre-Raphaelite. But the social intimacy was still very close and Brotherhood meetings still took place, if at longer and longer intervals. They still painted each other's heads, and the heads, figures, and hair of their parents, their relatives, their friends, wives, fiancées—all these counterfeit presentments are to be found in the canvases of the Brethren and their allies. Nevertheless the bonds were gradually weakening. The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood did in part come as near to being a union for the furtherance of the technical qualities of any art—as near to such a union as seems to be possible in this country where social conditions make it almost impossible for any man to take a whole-hearted interest in the practices of his art and in nothing else. As such, indeed, it is a phenomenon remarkable enough. But it had to come to an end, and that end came, to all intents and purposes, on the memorable evening in 1853 when all the remaining members gathered together to draw each other's portraits. These portraits were intended as a present and a memento for the Brother

PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

in Australia. Woolner had in fact given up gold-digging, and was earning a living by making portrait-busts. To his sitters he talked of his intimacy with the Pre-Raphaelites, and he desired his friends' portraits at once as tokens of friendship and as letters of introduction. For the fame of Pre-Raphaelism had spread even to the Antipodes. But, a very little later, Mr Hunt himself set sail for Palestine, to search there for the very landscape and the very fall of light and shadow that had gilded the presence of the Saviour of mankind. Then indeed the whole Round Table was dissolved.

Charles Collins passed as the
model for the Brown of our
time with a daughter Pickens
passed with the same.

A nation of the same kind:

There is a

"73" - - - - - " "

"6" - - - - - " "

Stanford University Libraries



3 6105 010 406 093

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD AUXILIARY LIBRARY
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305-6004
(415) 723-9201

All books may be recalled after 7 days

DATE DUE

NOV 10 1998
REC - 8 1998

